Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the Isle
From her propriety: what's the matter masters?
Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieuing,
Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.
Iag. I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,
In quarter, and in termes, like bride and groome,
Deuesting them to bed, and then but now,
(As if some Planet had vnwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at others breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this peeuish odds;
And would in action glorious, I had lost
Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.
Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.
Oth. Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont be ciuill,
The grauity and stilnesse of your youth,
The world hath noted, and your name is great,
In mouthes of wisest censure: what's the matter,
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler? giue me answere to't?
Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago* can informe you,
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
By me, that's saide or done amisse this night;
Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend our selues it be a sinne,
When violence assayles vs.
Oth. Now by heauen
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion hauing my best iudgement coold,
Assayes to leade the way: If once I stirre,
Or doe but lift this arme, the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke: giue me to know
How this foule rout began, who set it on,
And he that is approou'd in this offence,

Tho

Tho he had twinn'd w
Shall loose me; what
Yet wilde, the people
To mannage priuate a
In night, and on the
Tis monstrous. *Iago*
Mon. If partialit
Thou doest deliuer m
Thou art no soldier.
Iag. Touch me n
I had rather ha' this
Then it should doe o
Yet I perswade my s
Shall nothing wrong
Montanio and my se
There comes a fello
And *Cassio* followin
To execute vpon hi
Steps into *Cassio*, a
My selfe the cry ing
Left by his clamour
The Towne might f
Out ran my purpos
For that I heard tha
And *Cassio* high in
I ne're might say be
For this was briefe,
At blow and thrust
When you your sel
More of this matte
But men are men, t
The *Cassio* did som
As men in rage stri
Yet surely *Cassio*, I
From him that fled
Which patience co
Oth. I know *Ia*
Thy honesty and l

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDIN